

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4A, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

*(This temporary transcript is the recording script for 4A, as it was provided to the actors. Please note there may be slight variations between the script and the audio of the episode. Thank you for your patience as we work to supply official transcripts for all episodes)*

Timestamp: 0:00

Fernanda: RADIO: Outcast is an groovy, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains mentions of racism, colorism and colonialism at the beginning of the episode, which may be upsetting for some listeners. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

*(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)*

1. BUTTON PRESSED. TAPE RECORDING.
2. INHALE ON CIGAR. EXHALE.

**Charles Osgood (narration)**

I knew The Valley of the Moon through story alone. A barren land in southern Idaho territory, a pioneer's trail cuts through the hardened lava fields and around the apertures of earth. Having glimpsed it myself, I'd describe the valley's face as more the scaly backside of a great black crocodile. Well, I had no particular interest, as I'm partial to the indoors. How am I to drink and smoke and muse while walking across such a volatile landscape? Nevertheless, I'd little choice. My mistress Emi wishes to see Helix alive and well. Or, at least, simply alive. Miserable, perhaps, but should Helix die along this trek across otherworldly land made of hardened volcanic spew, hazardous winds, and heat strong enough to gather a graveyard of wagon

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wheels as trophies along our path (beat) yes, were Helix to perish during her brief stint as a mortal woman, I believe my mistress would eviscerate me. No hesitation.

3. LOUD INTENSE WINDS, THEY WILL SLOWLY FADE INTO THE BACKGROUND.

4. HORSE TROTTING ALONG.

**Helix**

*(Mumble-singing the lyrics of "Love Train" by The O'Jays to herself) People all over the world...Join hands...Start a love train-- (Louder to Jesse so she's heard past the wind) Hey, Jesse! Since you took that horse from those bandit weirdos back in Arizona, do you think she's technically a bad guy, too?*

**Charles**

A thought experiment. What is a beast's moral consciousness? Is your stolen steed a greater sinner than the one I purchased? Do animals understand concepts such as justice and morality?

**Jesse**

Course they do, but Quarter is a gentle one.

**Helix**

*(She guffaws)* No! No. Don't tell me that's the name you chose.

**Jesse**

She's an American Quarter. The hell else should I name her?

**Helix**

Literally anything else. What an ugly, boring name.

**Charles**

Our dear cowboy friend cannot be blamed for his lack of taste. He's likely emptied that area in his brain to make room for a catalogue of pensive stares and his Wandering Hero complex.

**Jesse**

Yeah? Kind of names are *Sonny Machine* and *Coda*?

**Helix**

Oh, please, do *not* compare Charles's naming skills to mine. Coda is a gorgeous name for a gorgeous little familiar!

5. CODA ENTHUSIASTIC TWEET-TWEET.

6. WINDS GET LOUDER.

7. HELIX YELPS AS SHE NEARLY FALLS.

**Jesse**

Quit messin' around and hold tight to Quarter 'fore you fall off! Remember, if you go down I'm comin' down, too. (beat) Hey, mapmaker, any chance we'll hit a town soon?

**Charles**

Oh, yes, yes, certainly, there's (beat) absolutely zero chance. These winds will only become more violent once the sun sets. We need to find shelter and the tower soon!

**Jesse**

Well, what does that machine say? We gettin' any closer?

**Charles**

What do you say, Sonny? What's the —

**Helix**

Holy shit! Look over there! Is that...?

**Charles (narration)**

My head had been bowed for quite some time to shield my eyes from the wind and blackened dust. Therefore, when Helix exclaimed in surprise and I at last looked at the horizon, I was mystified by the view ahead. Not only were we nearing our next great tower – glinting in the heat waves some many miles ahead – we were also coming across the very shelter we needed. A large, colorful building. Indeed, I'd seen Edison's lightbulb here and there. Loud, buzzy little contraptions, found primarily in the courthouses and saloons across our tattered land. But this building across the valley, goodness, it must've radiated with thousands of lightbulbs. Red, blue, pink, green. It seemed quite the marvelous dream.

*(Scene Transition)*

8. RECORD SCRATCH.

**Helix**

No way. (beat) No way. Is that a roller rink?

9. WINDS DIE OUT IN A RUSH.

**Helix (narration)**

You know what sucked the most about my trial, *Mom*? I had to sit there and listen to everyone, including my sisters, talk shit about me while you sat behind me and did nothing about it. Gods, Spectra's whole thing about how I was demeaning my godhood by hanging out with mortals was just-- (beat) You know what? I know it's gonna piss you off, and you're probably thinking I haven't learned my lesson, but that moment when I saw the flashing neon in the middle of the Idaho Territory was the best thing that's happened to me since you all turned your backs on me.

The building was disc-shaped with a pink and yellow neon sign in the shape of an arrow. Each time it flashed the lights pointed up toward the black tower, which seemed planted inside the center of the building. A pair of neon green skates flashed on and off above the entrance. As we got closer the roller rink's name became clearer.

**Charles**

*Rink on the Moon.* (beat) Quite a claim.

**Jesse**

What's a rink?

**Helix (narration)**

Jesse and Charles are really starting to get on my nerves these days, but I knew if I was going to impress them into no longer treating me like the naive damsel of the group this would be my place to shine. I hopped off Quarter's back and did a little moonwalk between the two horses. That's right, I've still got it. Don't forget I won silver in every dancing competition in the Heavens. *(muttered)* If it weren't for the God of Ritual, I could've won gold.

**Helix**

It's a place for fun and music and skating! You know, like ice skating but with wheels instead of blades? *(sighs)* Back in 1987, Dre used to take me to Adult Nights all the time and we'd just groove song after song until the lights went out.

**Charles**

Dre? Is that a God of Wagons?

**Helix**

No, he's a human. *(beat)* Was a human. My friend from before I got banished.

**Charles**

I see. At least we've found shelter.

**Helix**

Well, rinks aren't a hundred percent friendly to a hundred percent of people. The 80s were barely better than the 70s. Geez, I remember some girls putting on lighter foundation just to get past the bouncer. It was (sigh) totally fucked.

**Jesse**

I don't know much about this area. But I know it ain't different than the rest of America.

**Charles**

Though I'm sure at least Helix--well, no, perhaps (beat) I must admit her complexion isn't technically--

**Helix**

White?



**Jesse**

Charles, make yourself useful. Me and Helix ain't lookin' down a rifle's mouth for a damn roller sink, or whatnot. Get in there and find out what's what.

**Charles**

I don't suppose either of you have any stolen change to lend me?

**Jesse**

No, but I do got the horse carryin' all our food and canteens.

**Charles**

(sighs) I'll resolve the matter myself then.

*(Scene Transition)*

10. PAGES FLIP. PEN TO PAPER.

**Jesse (narration)**

Hate relyin' on Osgood for anything. The guy's smug grin after he manages to do some good is as irritating as tryin' to convince Barefoot to put on shoes. As we waited for him to get things squared away at the entrance, I could hear him doublin' down on his affected speech while he charmed the woman at the

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doorway. She looked over at us with a raised brow. Took all I had not to give a stern look back. But Charles slid between us, combed back his powder white hair and just grinned grinned grinned. Lo and behold, Osgood succeeds and walks back over.

**Helix**

Any trouble?

**Charles**

No, no. It appears that the establishment was found by nearby Shoshone and serves all sorts. She said it's the only neutral ground through the Snake River Plain.

11. THE SOUND OF DOORS BEING OPENED, THEN MANY WHEELS, PEOPLE LAUGHING, BASS THUMPING, AND THEN SCRATCHING.

12. MUSIC.

**Jesse (narration)**

The ashen wilderness outside the building seemed a better fate. Soon as we walked in my head started spinnin'. Colorful lights from pink to burnin' bright blue shone on and off in every corner. People sailed in circles across a glossy wooden floor around the black tower. They looked like they were glidin' on

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wings. Some looked like fur trappers, others like miners with black coal stains on their slacks. There were also Shoshone, a Chinese woman fanning herself to the side, and three other black men who clocked me soon as I saw them. There were more people inside than all those I'd seen in at least five days, all loud as hell, laughin' and hollerin' at the DJ to turn the music up. Could hardly hear better than outside. Around the skating area the carpet was covered in star shapes, though they were worn with hoofprints. [It was the] First place I'd ever been indoors and horses were allowed.

**DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)**

DJ Fur Trap here giving you the melody, now let's see you on the floor. I wanna see you all out here showing your best moves. Ha! Yeah, you too Dave.

**Jesse**

Yeah, I'm out.

**Helix**

What? No. Jesse, c'mon. You're gonna love this. I promise. At least stay long enough for us to get a train going.

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**Charles**

A train? But we've only just arrived.

**Helix**

Not that sort of train, Charles.

**Jesse**

Either way, [I'm] not interested.

**Helix**

Why not? It'll be rad! Who cares if you can't dance?

**Jesse**

Who said that?

**Charles**

Ah. The candied tactics.

**Helix (muttering to Charles)**

Don't be obvious.

**Jesse**

Alright, well the horse stables are indoors. I'm headed. C'mon, Quarter.

13. HOOVES CLOMPING.

**Helix (shouting after)**

One day I'll see you dance, Jesse Rogers! (beat) Lame-o.

*(Scene Transition)*

14. THE SOUND OF A RECORDING BEING FAST FORWARDED.

15. SKATES ON WOODEN FLOOR.

16. CHILDREN CHEERING.

**Charles Osgood (narration)**

Jesse and I. We are not friends. Yet we are not enemies. It does seem his suspicions of me have softened, at least since Salt Lake City, where I was on quite the uncomfortable display. Perhaps his curiosities have been sated, no? Or perhaps Jesse Rogers bides his time. Formerly he spent our travels poisoning my image in Helix's mind. All by evidence of his sterling intuition, of course. *(Jesse country voice)* That Charles Osgood is some sort of snake. *(back to own voice)* Now, these past few evenings, it's as though Charles Osgood was but a tolerated travelling companion. (beat) Mistress, I do hope you're proud.

**Helix**

*(surprised)* Shit, *rubber* wheels! I was expecting old school fits made of wood but these look like the rentals you'd get at the Roxy Rink.

**Charles (narration)**

As we strapped on our skates, Helix talked of the skating venues from her futuristic times. None too different from the arena around us. The disorienting flashes of light, the unintelligible music, and quite damning of all, the garish fashions. Had the future civilizations chosen color saturation as their savior? In Helix's hands, she held a pair of stockings so bright, so yellow, I thought I'd never unsee the wicked things. *(sigh)* Nevertheless, it'd been since — well, perhaps our entire companionship — that I'd seen dear Helix wear actual foot protection. Be it stockings and skates, or otherwise.

**Charles**

Yes these are quite a bit more *(pause, dismissive)* modern than what I am familiar with.

**Helix**

You've skated before?

**Charles**

I am a man full of surprises. During a brief tour through Boston I drank cacao wine with a ballet dancer from Berlin. He was quite adept. Classically trained, no doubt. The hotel lobby proved an ample space to demonstrate his talents. (*listing off*) Butterfly, Grand Battement en Rond, seven or eight Double Tours, oh, it was quite a marvel. Then he asked for my own demonstration, if I had any. Of course, I'd only learned from the ballroom peripheries. But an attempt, I did make. I managed one plie and a saute before my limbs quarreled. He found my initial attempts charming enough to provide some lessons. (short beat) You know, Berlin is quite famous for their innovations with skates before the practice came to us.

**Helix**

I did not. Wow, ballet dancer huh?

**Charles**

Yes, quite talented at that.

**Helix**

How'd you meet?

**Charles**

The usual business.

**Helix**

Yeah? I didn't know ballet dancers were all that hot at drawing maps.

**Charles (narration)**

She popped up off the bench and glided away without another word. I knew I made a mistake.

I chased after Helix as she slid onto and across the wooden floor. She was marvelously fast, spinning on the wheels and threading herself between bodies. In solo ballet, you needn't worry about such crowds. You simply dominate the floor. Here, I stumbled and held onto shoulders, allocating my weight until, at last, I gained momentum. I felt the wind in my hair. It began to make sense, the dastardly music, the snappish lights. I felt a part of some distant world. One moment Helix would be inches away, then she'd delicately cyclone on her skates and cross the floor. I merely followed the jagged lightning jewelry dangling from her ears, how it sparkled beneath the lights. It took me some time to catch up to her. A fortunate thing I adapt so



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quickly. I spun 'round and skated backwards, facing her in the eyes.

17. WHEELS SPINNING FAST. THEN MORE AND MORE ARE ADDED.

18. MUSIC.

**Charles**

Apologies, did I offend?

**Helix**

*(blasé)* And why would you think that?

**Charles**

I only meant that in my line of work you often meet a lot of intriguing characters. Usually at parties. Perhaps I should have been more clear about what I meant when I said business.

**Helix**

*(blasé)* You don't have to justify yourself to me.

**Charles**

*(Trying to be agreeable but knowing she's being passive aggressive)* Right. No, of course not.

**Helix**

Hey (*beat, considering*) you're actually pretty good at this. You've been skating backwards without looking over your shoulder for a while.

**Charles**

Yes, well, as I said. I had an excellent teacher.

**Helix**

Bet I had a better one.

**Charles (narration)**

Helix winked at me and bobbed her head to the music. I slowed down to match. On a curve, I spun forward. Each of her steps crossed over the other as her body bounced up and down. She dropped on one knee so her other leg stretched long behind her, and then alternated. She looked at me with a smirk, challenging me. And so I met her dancing with some of my own. I pulled my weight to the left, allowing my arms to come over my head as I bent sideways. Her shock at my ability turned into a sort of playful competition.

**DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)**

DJ Fur Trap here! Let me hear you all make some noise!

19. PEOPLE HOOT AND CHEER.

**DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)**

Alright folks, do not forget tonight we will be having a dance competition. First prize is a fur coat from yours truly. We've also got a raffle for a week's worth of rations for four. Sign up at the table by the lockers with the lovely Miss Ki.

**Charles (narration)**

I knew that in order to earn Helix's complete favor, I needed to allow her an opportunity to shine.

**Charles**

I must admit, Helix, though your technique is unconventional your talent is exceptional. Would you mind teaching me?

**Helix**

Only the God of Rituals could ever best me and technically, that's cheating, because they literally invented dance. But that's a long story. (laughs excitedly) I've got a better idea. I'll teach you if we both enter tonight's competition.

**Charles**

Oh?

**Helix**

*Aaaand*, when I win...

**Charles**

A wager, too?

**Helix**

When I win you have to finally fess up about where you actually got the TCD--I mean, Sonny Machine.

**Charles**

*(unfazed)* You mean the bench?

**Helix**

You and I both know that was a terrible story. If I win, you've gotta tell me the truth. Don't forget I can tell when you're being honest or not now that I got that power back.

**Charles (narration)**

Cornered. If I agreed, I would likely lose. If I could, I'd simply make another story for the Sonny Machine's origins. But the goddess can peer into the truth, now. She'd learn my role in your plans, mistress. However, if I did not agree, I would be confirming every one of her doubts. A bluff was needed.

**Charles**

Would that mean I get something in return should I win?

**Helix**

Sure, why not. Name it.

**Charles**

You and Jesse have acquired these divine powers. If I were to win, *(glib)* which of course, I shall not, *(normal)* would you be willing to gift this tower's power to me? *(beat)* I recognize it's an impossible request. But what's a game without a bit of glistering risk, no?

**Charles (narration)**

Her eyes widened. She glanced at the obelisk in the center of the floor, then back at me. I was convinced she would falter.

**Helix**

My power? *(beat)* Pfft, like I'd lose. Deal!

**Charles (narration)**

I was gleefully wrong.

*(Scene Transition)*

**Helix (narration)**

Here's the thing, I'm no dummy. Charles has been shifty since we met him. It's that TCD model he carries that makes me really doubt him. A shady dude I can handle. I mean, I dated in the City. But a shady dude holding the key to my powers? It's just too weird. We've seen weird things all over this time: lightbulbs, a singing automaton, this whole ass roller rink; but none of them have jack shit to do with me. Not the way that thing does. So how the hell did Charles get it? And why won't he tell me the truth about how he got it?

**Charles**

Pardon me, Helix, if you'll excuse me a moment, I must see a man about the lavatories.

**Helix**

Ew. I told you those sardines we ate last night looked bad.

**Charles**

Uh, yes, quite.

**Helix (narration)**

He was sweating like crazy. Whether it was from what he was about to do to some poor bathroom stall or because I was on the money, only *you-know-who* would tell.

*(Scene Transition)*

20. PEN TO PAPER.

**Jesse (narration)**

Wanted to be a printer as a child. Got my hands on half of a Bible when I was ten years of age. Read it forwards and backwards, and every other bit of print I could get my hands on after. Were no publishers near home, nor did my parents believe that if there were [that] any would give a young black boy a shot at takin' charge of the hand presses.

After the war, my father's father found that a cattle driver was freer than most freemen those days. And so when they reunited after the war, Pa also became a cattle driver. Was eleven when he found me my first job. Wasn't anythin' to do with letters. A friend of the family was a cowboy on a ranch outside o' town. He taught me how to ride, how to break a stallion, how to care for 'em. That was the most important bit. Just cause they let us on

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their backs don't mean horses are fools. Pa used to tell me that the strongest man in the world had no way of conquering either a horse or a woman if he didn't also earn their trust.

21. HORSE SOUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND. THEY BECOME LESS PROMINENT AS ANOTHER HORSE HUFFS (CLOSER). WE HEAR ITS HOOVES CLOPPING AROUND UNTIL IT STOPS.

22. JESSE MAKES A SOUND AS HE LIFTS THE SADDLE OFF THE HORSE.

23. A HEAVY WEIGHT FALLS, FOOTSTEPS, AND A RICKETY GATE CLOSING. THEN MORE HOOVESTEPS AND A SECOND GATE OPENING.

**Jesse**

*(To Quarter, softly)* There you are, girl. Found you a nice place to rest for the night.

24. HORSE SOUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND ARE JUST NOISE, BARELY NOTICEABLE, AS INSTEAD WE ONLY HEAR QUARTER.

25. GENTLE HORSE SOUNDS.

**Jesse**

*(To Quarter)* Let's get you unsaddled too.



26. AGAIN, JESSE MAKES A SOUND AS HE LIFTS THE SADDLE OFF THE HORSE. A HEAVY WEIGHT FALLS, FOOTSTEPS, AND A RICKETY GATE CLOSING.

27. SOFT WHINNY.

**Jesse**

*(To Quarter)* How's that? *(beat)* Lucky you can't hear all that nonsense in here. Might join you tonight rather than stick with those two. *(short beat)* Least you keep your opinions to yourself.

**Kid**

It can't answer you.

**Jesse (narration)**

When I turned my head I saw a kid poke his head out from a stack of hay in the back. Little bits of it stuck out from his head.

**Jesse**

Yeah? How do you know? You two ol' friends?

**Kid**

No. Horses can't talk.

28. KID\_SNIFFLES.

**Jesse (narration)**

He wiped his nose on the sleeve of his fur coat, which looked far too big to be his.

**Kid**

Why aren't you with everyone else celebrating? Don't you have any friends? Is that why you were talking to the horse like it's people? I heard--I heard that sometimes people who don't have friends get so lonely they start talking to things and acting funny.

**Jesse**

*(beat)* Where's your Ma and Pa, kid?

29. KID\_SNIFFLES.

**Jesse (narration)**

He wiped his dirty nose again and shrugged. I sighed and waved for him to follow me.

**Jesse**

C'mon. Let's go find your folks.

*(Scene Transition)*

30. SOUNDS FROM THE SKATING RINK FADE OUT.

31. SONNY MACHINE BEEPING.

**Charles**

Sonny, I need you to focus.

32. CLICK OF A BUTTON, SONNY MACHINE STOPS BEEPING, TAPE  
RECORDING.

**Charles**

Mistress. Emi. I need your assistance. Now. It's--Helix, she has cornered me. I need to win a competition against her or I'll be forced to tell her the truth. I need your assistance, I fear I may lose and her latest ability won't allow me to--

33. A WOMAN, SPECTRA, SIGHS.

**Spectra**

Cut the dramatics. She heard you, okay?

34. THE TAPE CONTINUES TO RECORD, THE CLICK OF A BUTTON, THEN  
IT STOPS.

**Charles**

Pardon, have we met?

35. SPECTRA SCOFFS.

**Charles (narration)**

An elegant woman with fair skin and brilliant red hair stood before me as though she had appeared from thin air. She wore a men's suit, gray with white stripes. It was loose and unusually wide around the shoulders. The lapels were as white as fresh snow and she wore a brooch made of gold and rubies shaped like a pair of glittering eyes. She looked at me as though I were a nuisance, but in a manner that reminded me of Emi's gaze, as though I were a piece on a chessboard. A cigarette appeared between her lips a moment later, as if by magic.

**Spectra**

I forget how stupid humans are sometimes. *(Beat as she inhales on the cigarette)* Your *(mockingly)* Mistress sent me, *(Beat as she exhales)* little human man. Apparently, you need the help. Even someone as uninsightful as my stupid little sister has sussed out that you're just a clown.

**Charles**

Your sister?

36. SPECTRA TAKES ANOTHER DRAG OF HER CIGARETTE.

**Charles (narration)**

The woman took another drag of her cigarette and raised an eyebrow at me in a patronizing manner. As the smoke fell from her lips it spun until it formed a single image, Helix's face. Except her smoke-formed face had quite the exaggerated grin.

**Charles**

Helix. *(short beat)* That would mean you are--

**Spectra**

*(To Charles in a bored manner)* Daughter of the All-Mother of Communication, one of the five Communication Sisters. Yes. I am

the Messenger God of Sight. You can call me Spectra, *if* you have to call me anything.

37. SPECTRA TAKES ANOTHER DRAG OF HER CIGARETTE.

**Charles (narration)**

She blew an arrow of smoke through the puff that remained of Helix's face, dispersing the smoke.

**Charles**

Forgive me, Spectra, as you've stated I am merely a (*short beat, trying not to be annoyed*) small human man. I do not understand. If you are Helix's sister, why help Emi?

**Spectra**

Not that it's any of your concern, but it's because she's my sister. Helix has done nothing but fail at her duties and neglect her union. She's a joke. She has tarnished our mother's name and tricked Emi into giving her preferential treatment. If it was up to me, I would have started by spilling a bucket full of the blood of her favorite humans on her at her trial, like that guy she wouldn't quit crying about. But I'm not in charge. Though Emi's little punishment is lacking, I'm not a

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self-important idiot who will go against the will of one of the Governing Three.

**Charles (narration)**

I didn't know what to say. She had revealed more of the gods' secrets to me than either Helix or Emi ever had. Helix had sisters. She didn't fulfill a union. Then there was Emi, who was not only a god, not only one of many gods, but one of the ruling elites among the gods.

**Spectra**

Skating competition?

**Charles**

Pardon?

**Spectra**

Keep up. That's why I'm here, right? I'm here to help back you at a skating competition so you can keep your association with Emi secret, yes or no?

**Charles**

Oh, yes. Though I am quite talented, a fact none can dispute, I need to ensure that I will win. Helix is a god, after all.

**Spectra**

Barely. *(beat)* Okay. I've got this under control, you can go back to her now, before she gets suspicious. She's too talented for you to beat fairly, so we'll cheat. Obviously.

**Charles (narration)**

I thought again of the buckets of human blood, how she hoped to pour them on her sister. What did Spectra plan to do now?

**Charles**

How do you propose we emerge victorious? I've a few ballet techniques I might incorporate but the acceleration could -

**Spectra**

Gods, you're annoying. Relax. I don't need to make you good, I just need to make you *look* good. Lucky for you, that's my specialty.

38. SPECTRA LAUGHS.

**End Credits**